

The Fun Only Begins

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Summary: Red vs Blue two-part oneshot. Tex and her fellow Freelancer, Tennessee, is stationed at Blue Base in Blood Gulch. Their mission is to retrieve Tex's AI, O'Malley, from Sheila. But things don't go exactly as planned when Sheila has other plans...Please R&R

The Fun Only Begins

****A/N:** ****Yes,** it's another Red vs Blue oneshot from me. You see, I've been a member of DeviantArt for a while now and I joined a group called Freelancer City - basically it's where you can create your own Freelancer character and submit things relating to Red vs Blue. In the group I seen alphabetsoup314's RvB scenario creator and I thought it was such a good idea so I decided to be inspired by it. There is two parts to this oneshot and it is told from my OC, Tennessee, but overall it does follow the Red vs Blue storyline. This takes part when Sheila has been infected by O'Malley/Omega and everyone is trying to figure out a way in order to get Tex's AI out of Sheila. I hope you enjoy this! :)

******Disclaimer:** ******I** am not the owner of anything related to Red vs Blue as it is owned by Rooster Teeth. However I do own my own character, Tennessee.

****The Fun Only Begins Part 1****

****By AngelEyes87****

For the life of me I didn't know exactly why I was here in Blood Gulch. The entire place was deserted with the exception of the Blue and Red teams. Damn Tex for bringing me along with her...And for what? So that she can retrieve her psychotic AI who will eventually create all kinds of hell for anyone who dares to stand up against her. The concept alone was beyond ridiculous in so many ways.

In hindsight I should have rejected her offer and just walked away without saying anything else. However if I done that she would

undoubtedly use blackmail against me, particularly since I owed her a huge favour in return. A few weeks ago Wash and I were assigned a mission to break into an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of Turf. We were to access information from the database that was stored on the main computer system there. Upon our arrival neither of us expected droves of soldiers, therefore they got the upper hand despite us being well trained. As a last resort I sent a signal call in which the only nearby Freelancer who received it was Tex. Needless to say the troopers had their arses kicked so damn badly " they really deserved it if the truth be told.

At Freelancer HQ we have a few unspoken rules that we developed amongst ourselves. One of them includes if another agent got involved in someone else's business they can request whatever they want. I made the call to ask for backup so I was indebted to Tex. If we succeeded in finding a way to get O'Malley out of Sheila before he has the chance to escape, then my side of the bargain would be fulfilled. On the other hand if all went balls-up...I don't want to think about the possible outcome of that specific situation.

I mustered a long drawn out sigh, trying my best to refocus my gaze on the Red Base that was across the canyon. How the hell can anyone withstand this excruciating heat? Recently I've been breaking out in sweat day in and day out. Not only that, but I found it so hard to fall asleep during most nights. If I make it out of here I refuse to set foot in Blood Gulch again as long as I shall live. I swear, it was like hell on earth what with all the lack of action " not to mention the temperature was constantly sky high.

Instantly my sharp hearing picked up on the sounds of light steady footsteps from behind me. It better not be Doc attempting to ask me to look after Junior. The last time I was stupid enough to do that I was almost bitten on my rear end. Certainly babysitting a small but powerful infant Elite was out of the question. Perhaps it was best if I pretended to be preoccupied with something else in the hopes of Doc actually getting the message of me ignoring him. Perfect.

"Hey, Tennessee."

Turning my head to the side I saw a faint shimmer of black armour. It was none other than Tex. Relieved, I allowed myself to relax for the moment.

"Afternoon Tex," I greeted in return. Underneath my helmet my blue eyes narrowed as a suspicious thought crossed my mind. "Wait, did Doc send you up here by any chance?"

She gave a low laugh, shaking her head out of mild amusement. "Since when have you known me to take orders from an incompetent medic like him?"

The corners of my mouth lifted up in a small smile. I had to admit that she brought up a valid point there. The mere idea of Doc deciding to boss Tex around was rather laughable. He wouldn't last ten seconds on the account that she might end up killing him. It wouldn't really bother me the least because although he was sweet, he can be such a horrid nuisance at times. Sometimes it was hard to believe he was once infected by O'Malley.

"TouchÃ©," I said. "So, where are the others?"

"Doc, Sister and Junior are currently on a picnic and they won't be back until early evening. I made sure they were two miles from the base so they won't fuck things up," Tex explained. By the tone of her voice I would guess she was nonchalant if anything terrible happened to them. "Caboose is baking muffins for us as we now speak. Church's getting pissed off with Sheila because she's not cooperating with basic commands."

"Is that it?"

"Yes, that's it. I think I've covered everybody and I don't want to repeat myself."

"Tex, you seem to be forgetting someone," I pointed out. I could tell from the way she abruptly titled her head to the side that she was trying to remember. Oh God, please don't tell me she has done something to Tucker...It took her around six or seven seconds to finally open her mouth.

She shrugged. "Nope. I don't seem to recall anybody else."

Surely by now visions of a teal soldier must be flashing in her mind. He simply wasn't that hard to forget for numerous reasons. I rested my sniper rifle against my shoulder while my left foot tapped against the floor in mild impatience. It took a lot of effort to maintain a calm state of mind, especially when she's acting unusually stupid for no reason whatsoever. A part of me was tempted to ask if she was suffering from some form of amnesia. Logically I knew it was best not to act upon impulse otherwise I would possibly end up with injuries. It was my intention to be on her good side during the course of this mission.

"Does the name Tucker ring any bells?" I questioned, keeping my temper in check.

"Oh, him!" she exclaimed in recognition. "To be honest I don't know what he's up to nor do I know his whereabouts."

My stomach muscles began to tighten uncomfortably as soon as she said that. I choose to ignore the growing butterflies within my gut, thinking it was best resuming the interrogation.

I inched closer so I was basically up in her face. "What exactly did you do with Tucker? You better have a good explanation ready, Tex."

"Are you implying that I got rid of him for good?" she retorted, seemingly now on the defence. I discreetly glanced down and noticed both her hands were clenched into fists. Clearing my throat, I stared directly back at her.

"You know as much as I know that you harbour an intense hatred towards Tucker," I casually reminded her. "With all the threats you've made against him I wouldn't be surprised if his corpse is somewhere out there buried amongst rubble."

"Now that's going a bit too far, wouldn't you say, Rosa?" she replied, far from angry.

The American sighed before crossing her arms over her chest. The conclusion dawned upon me that she could be telling the truth. If she were guilty of disposing of Tucker her behaviour would turn erratic or she would storm inside Blue Base. Out of nowhere small pangs of guilt, as sharp like knives, pierced my heart. Instead of answering, I wordlessly placed a gentle hand upon her shoulder as a way of a sincere apology. I took it as a promising sign because not once did she try to shy away from my touch.

"Listen, I got the wrong end of the stick and I've realised my mistake," I told her. She continued to look at me. "Can't we place this misunderstanding behind us? You know, let bygones be bygones."

"Sure." I watched as Tex uncrossed her arms, putting them by her sides. "Anyway I consider you as a good friend as well as a reliable ally."

"What you said right now has touched me," I admitted. To be honest I never expected her to say something profound like that "€" it was rare to see this side of her personality. But I couldn't help to wonder how long it would last.

"Come on, let's go find Tucker," I suggested.

We walked across the exposed upper floor of the sturdy base, making our way to the inbuilt opening that gained access to the slope. When we got to the bottom we found ourselves to be in a main circular room. In the centre there stood an erect pole with a blue flag attached to the top. Around a week ago Caboose told me of one of the Red team members entering the base which consequently lead to the Blue flag being taken away by accident. Up until this day Tucker and Church still wouldn't live that incident down although it occurred many months ago. I felt slightly bad for Caboose but then again he was gullible enough to believe that the Red guy was a genuine General.

In front of us was a long corridor which had no door at the end. It gave us a clear sight of what we could see of the outside world from within the base. Personally I found it to be an advantage just in case we had to deal with intruding visitors. Tex and I reached halfway to the exit when a deep agitated voice belonging to a male snarled out, "For the love of God, what the fuck did I do wrong?"

Immediately we exchanged looks, both nodding in unison. Yep, it was definitely Church complaining per usual. Not like it was something out of the ordinary as every ten seconds he hardly fails to deliver a tantrum over almost anything. We rushed outside the base to discover Church standing there in front of a massive tank with a hand on his hip. Well, whatever they're arguing about it wouldn't hurt to observe the confrontation. The search for Tucker can commence at a later stage as far as I'm concerned. Tex was the first to speak up.

"Church, what seems to be the problem?"

"This!" he yelled, thrusting out a hand towards Sheila while spinning around to face Tex and I. "This is the motherfucking problem, Tex! Sheila is giving me nothing but grief. I swear if she has the

audacity to utter a single smart-ass comment I will find some way of shutting down her system for good."

"Congratulations, Church. You have unlocked the highest level of my bullshit metre. Would you like for me to document that piece of information on my internal personal records?"

"Say what?" I squeaked in surprise, my eyes resembling miniature version of flying saucers. Did Sheila actually say that or was it my imagination playing tricks on me? I've heard of women being really bitchy but not infected tanks that weigh a few good tonnes.

"You know something, Church?" I started to say once my shock subsided. "I'd have thought you would hold true to your promise. Probably do something like grab a nearby scattered log and then proceeding to beat the crap out-"

"And whose side are you on, Tennessee?" Church swiftly interrupted, causing my line of speech to trail off. He was making me regret passing that remark right now. I made a mental note not to open my mouth in Church's presence when he's enduring a dilemma.

"Pay no heed to him, Rosa. It's obvious that Mr-I-Am-A-Tightass can't take a joke."

"Awesome burn, Tex," Sheila chimed in, her robotic voice coated with unrestrained satisfaction mixed with a sense of admiration. I couldn't hold it in any longer so I burst out into hearty chuckles, feeling my sides slightly ache. After a short while I managed to pull myself together "I could have sworn there were faint smoke coming out from Church's helmet.

"Can I please sort this out myself without you witches poking fun out of me?" he hissed through his teeth. All of us nodded with the exception of Sheila who lowered her protruding main gun.

"Right, Sheila. I'll tell you this once and once only," Church addressed the tank. "You have been infected with a hostile AI called O'Malley, otherwise known as Omega. Now we have plenty of evidence to back this up. First of all you haven't been functioning to your full capacity, meaning you have decided to disobey instructions."

"I'm afraid I don't comprehend your puzzled reasoning. My data shows that I am functioning to a high standard. If you believe this to be incorrect then why am I listening to you at this precise moment?"

"That's besides the point. Secondly you've tried to either kill me or the others."

"In my defence you were all acting suspicious. I was only making sure O'Malley wasn't hiding inside your heads."

"Oh yeah? Well, explain your attempts in blowing up our base with your target lock feature."

"I momentarily failed to distinguish between the colours of red and blue. Sometimes tanks can be colour blind."

At this stage I had an unsettling feeling within the depths of my

soul. This was going to be trickier than we actually thought. It didn't take a genius to realise that O'Malley was controlling Sheila by encrypting her mainframe and software according to suit his dark needs. That could be the reason why Sheila is attributing to Church's stress more than the combination of Caboose, Tucker and the rest of his comrades. It wouldn't come as imperative news if Church was pushed to the brink of insanity one day in the near future. Another option was him suffering from a mental breakdown.

"I don't think it's such a coincidence she has the same condition as Sister," Tex whispered lowly to me. Luckily it was out of earshot and both Church and Sheila didn't catch onto it.

"I figured that out already," I responded. There was only one main issue that was mocking the hell out of us. "We really have to move fast and conjure up a strategy to coax O'Malley out."

"Agreed. Shh, I think Church is carrying on with his so-called investigation."

The Captain of the Blue Team set his gaze down to the floor, his shoulders hunching forward in the process. Was he on the verge of quitting demanding answers from Sheila? Unfortunately I couldn't even produce a valid analysis for my own question. I was stunned a bit when Church straightened himself to an upright position, appearing to regain some of his vigour that he lost earlier on.

"Lastly, you're displaying abnormalities in your behaviour," he told her, pacing towards Sheila in a cautious manner. "You have shown jealousy in regards to the amount of vehicles I accumulated that one time. And do you remember when you left me behind at the Red Base without a warning, huh Sheila? I know I can't because the Red Team opened fire at me when I was fucking retreating!"

"Thank you for reminding me of my past actions, Church," Sheila sardonically shot back, her engine suddenly revving to life. The sound was so loud that it almost deafened me. "I do not have to put up with your lecture any longer. Do you realise I can easily blow you to pieces with a single shell, you rude little man? I shall take my leave right now. Farewell!"

Being true to her word, Sheila put herself into reverse before executing a sharp right turn, managing to drive into her distance out of her own accord. To the left of me I noticed Tex standing there in silent complementation, not knowing what to do or say. Needless to say the same couldn't be said for Church. He currently was venting out his frustration by jumping up and down on the spot, furiously yelling for Sheila to come back instantly. It really must suck to be him at this moment.

"That's it," he growled. "Get Tucker and Caboose out here. We're going to bring Sheila back whether she likes it or not!"

"Church, I hope you know Tucker's not here," I informed him. "Tex and I were about to search for him until we were dragged into your technological problems."

He shook his head, snorting. "Fine, whatever. Caboose, move your ass out here â€" we have an emergency!"

"An emergency?" a panicked voice came from within the base. "I think you may have it wrong, Church. There's no emergency. Whatever it was I didn't start any fires."

"Caboose, I'm going to count to three!" Church wildly snapped, his voice dripping with poison. "If you're not out of the goddamn base by the time I'm finished I'll kill you. One...two..."

"Alright, I'm coming!"

Thankfully Caboose quickly run out of the base before Church could complete his futile countdown; complete with Andy the bomb. I fought off the inclination of rolling my eyes upwards in contempt. If I were Caboose I would have just left Andy inside, however it wasn't that simple for Caboose. He brought Andy almost everywhere with him, never leaving him out of sight all because Caboose deemed him as a pet. He was just an extremely irritating explosive device for God's sake.

"Where did Sheila go?" Caboose childishly inquired, his head darting in various directions.

Church dryly laughed, approaching his fellow team mate. "I'm glad you asked me that, Caboose. You see, for some strange reason she's probably on the time of the month...well, the machine equivalent of it. Anyway she went not too long ago so we have to find her."

Caboose stepped back, an audible gasp escaping from his mouth. His reaction was almost as bad as the time in which he was convinced that Andy was dead when in fact it turned out to be a rock. Concerned, I was about to ask him what was wrong "€" that was until he was making these silly incomprehensible noises.

"Oh no oh no oh no!" he kept on repeating to himself. "This reminds me of that one time when I accidentally let my canary from its cage and it flew straight out the window. The next day I went outside and I found some cats eating poor Tweety."

"Okay, does anyone know what the fuck is Caboose babbling about?" A perplexed Church asked aloud, echoing my exact thoughts. I along with Church and Tex eagerly looked to Andy. Maybe he could enlighten us and clear up the confusion.

"What, do I look like the kid's freaking shrink to you?" Andy sneered. "You've got to be shitting me!"

"I must prove my love to Sheila by asking her to return to where she belongs," Caboose exclaimed with unconcealed delight. Why did I sense his plan wasn't going to work at all? "And then she can have all the muffins in the world!"

Caboose energetically bounded away from the base like an excited dog being called by his beloved master, his legs springing into a fast speed. Andy's complaints were soon muffled as Caboose tucked him firmly underneath his arm. No matter how hard I tried I couldn't stop the niggling feeling at the back of my mind. Something told me we were about to enter a hurdling vortex of mayhem and destruction. And it took form in the shape of Caboose. He vanished from sight as he ran down the hill.

"From the way he was carrying Andy anyone would think he's practising for Grifball," Tex observed. Even though it was an absurd idea as I couldn't imagine Caboose doing that, she brought up a fair point.

"Yes, except his armour didn't turn orange," I added, merely thinking of how the hell we were going to get Sheila, Caboose, Andy and Tucker back without them causing any trouble whatsoever. This was going to be a long difficult day.

****A/N: ****I do realise I haven't somewhat captured the essence of Tex in this, but please bear in mind that this was the first ever time I have wrote about her character so therefore I'm still in the learning process. I promise she will be back to her normal self in the second part. Oh, and be expecting more action as well ;)

End
file.